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Choice Poetry.

LINES BY THE LAKE SIDE.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

The shadows round the inland sea
Are deepening into night;
Slow up the slopes of Ossipee
They chase the lessening light:
Tired of the long day's blinding heat,
I rest my languid eye,
Lake of the Hills! where cool and sweet
Thy sunset waters lie!

Along the sky, in wavy lines,
O'er isle, and reach, and bay,
Green-belted with eternal pines,
The mountains stretch away.
Below, the maple masses sleep
Where shore with water blends,
While midway on the tranquil deep
The evening light descends.

So seemed it when yon hill's red crown
Of old the Indian trod,
And through the sunset air looked down
Upon the smile of God.*
To Him, of light and shade the laws
No forest skeptic taught;
Their living and eternal Cause
His truer instinct sought.

He saw these mountains in the light,
Which now across them shines,
This lake, in Summer sunset bright,
Walled round with sombering pines.
God near him seemed; from earth and skies
His loving voice he heard,
As face to face in Paradise
Man stood before the Lord.

Thanks, oh, our Father! that like him
Thy smile of love I see.
In radiant hill and woodland dim
And tinted sunset sea.
For not in mockery dost Thou fill
Our earth with light and grace,
Thou hid'st no dark and cruel will
Behind Thy smiling face!

* Winnipiseogee—i. e., "Smile of the Great Spirit."

Original Novelet.

THE DESERTED WIFE.

(CONTINUED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY EMMA D. E. SOUTHWORTH, AUTHOR OF "RETRIBUTION, OR, THE VALE OF SHADOWS."

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CHAPTER XII.

HAGAR.

"The wild sparkle of her eye seemed caught
From high—and lightened with electric thought—
—And pleased not her the sports that please her age."
Byron.

Let me pass briefly over the events of the next few years. Four or five weeks of solemn merry-making, dull dinners, and duller evening parties completed the wedding festivities of the minister.—An agreeable change had passed over the appearance of the minister—his countenance had lost somewhat of its gloom—his manners of their austerity, and his tones their hard curtness. Sophie's demeanor revealed the sober cheerfulness befitting a clergyman's bride. Raymond accompanied them everywhere, and everywhere was the delicate beauty and gentle grace and pensive air of the boy admired. Little Hagar also accompanied them. Sophie and Hagar had been so united—her care and attention had been so exclusively devoted to Hagar, that now that another claimed a larger share of her time and thoughts, and now that she felt the keen eyes of the sprite-like child jealously following her every motion closely, she loved Hagar with a remorseful tenderness—strange but natural. Mothers sometimes feel the same for the children to whom they have given even a good and beloved step-father.—This is an illusion, and grows out of the false idea that our love is like any material and mortal thing, limited in quantity, and that what is given to one is necessarily withdrawn from another. Sophie took Hagar with her wherever they went, even to evening parties, where the child with the obstinacy of spoiled children in general and her own nature in particular, refused to go to bed as long as Sophie sat up.

There she would sit—the only child in a room crowded with grown people—alone, in a corner, quite neglected, her glittering eyes glancing around the room, and springing off in aversion when they fell upon the figure of Mr. Withers. She was beginning to hate him intensely, merely because he occupied so much of the time and attention of Sophie, whom she passionately loved. Her first interview with Raymond Withers is worthy of relation as characteristic of both. It was the night after the wedding, and a large party were crowded in the sober-hued parlor of Emily May. Hagar had been staying at the cottage for the last few days—and this night she first rejoined Sophie after her marriage. Here she was sitting, as I have described, neglected and apparently forgotten in a corner. Sophie could not well approach her, and Emily ever thoughtful as she was, this evening had overlooked her, in her attentions to her guests. The child's wild eyes were gleaming brightly, fiercely, under her sharply projecting brows—her preternaturally developed perceptive faculties were at work. Refreshments had been carried around twice or thrice by the servants, and they had overlooked her. At last she saw, it was the first time she had seen him, a delicate golden haired youth, in deep mourning, enter the room. He went directly up to Sophie and remained by her side. The keen eyes of the child were immediately rivetted upon him. There was a pensiveness, a thoughtfulness upon his fair young brow that seemed to isolate him even among the crowd. He stood by the side and a little behind Sophie's chair, and except when he stooped to catch an occasional word from her, he stood unmoved and almost unobservant in the room. Once his eyes were raised, and their sad gaze chanced to meet the wild eyes of the little girl fixed with interest on his face. He bent down, and pointing to Hagar, spoke to Sophie. Sophie's glance followed the indication of his finger, then raising her countenance to his, she answered him. He immediately separated himself from the party, passed into the supper-room, and returning, walked up to the child, spread her handkerchief over her lap, poured into it a plate full of cakes and sweetmeats, and took a seat by her side.

"Did Sophie send me these?" inquired the child.

"No."

"Why did you bring them, then?"

"You looked lonesome, and dull, and I thought it would amuse you."

"Ah! I thought Sophie did not send them—she never thinks of me now."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because it is true—she used to keep me always by her side, or on her lap—now for two or three days she has left me here with Mrs. May, and now that she has come, she scarcely speaks to me!" exclaimed the child, and her black eyes flashed under her sharp brows, and her white teeth gleamed under her upturned lip as she spoke.

A soft smile hovered an instant around the beautiful lips and under the golden eye-lashes of the youth as he said,

"You look so like a little playful, spiteful black kitten, that I am almost afraid of your teeth and claws—however—" and stooping down he daintily lifted the child and set her on his lap. Then he said, "I think you are a jealous little girl."

"I don't know what 'jealous' is, but I don't like to be robbed of what is mine."

"You are selfish, I am afraid, little one—who has robbed you?"

"Mr. Withers has got Sophie, and now he may have her, for I don't care."

"You are a proud little lady."

He caressed her straight black hair, adjusted her somewhat disordered dress, and began to crack nuts for her, but her eyes were fixed upon the group at the opposite end of the room, and suddenly she said—

"I wish Mr. Withers was dead—I do so!"

"Oh! horror!" said the young man, now really shocked. "Revengeful, too, Hagar! Mr. Withers is my father."

"Is he? I did not know that—I am so sorry—but, oh! he has taken Sophie away from me, and now I am so lonesome," and the child burst out crying.

"And where have you been my pretty lad,
Where have you been all day?"

sang little Miss Rogers, dancing up to them—"Come, Raymond! or I beg your pardon—*Mr.* Raymond Withers—for you hobble-de-hoys are awful punctilious about your dignity—are you going to stay here nursing that spoiled brat all night? We are forming a round game at forfeits in the other room, and we want you."

"Don't go," whispered the child.

Raymond set her off his lap, arose, and apologizing to Miss Rogers, gracefully declined her invitation. The maiden pouted, smiled, threw up her head and tripped away.

"Ain't you good, to stay with me, instead of going with her? take me up again," and she held out both her arms to him.

He smiled gently, and raised her, and how beautifully broke the glad smile over her dark, wild countenance, as she looked up in his face. From that hour the youth and infant were companions, confidants, and friends.

At this time it was that the germ of a passion, fraught with much evil to the whole of Hagar's life, took root in her heart—a passion destined by mal-cultivation to be fostered into monstrous growth—JEALOUSY; and this grew out of Sophie's thoughtless concentration of mind upon her new duty, just at this juncture—it is true that this mood of mind lasted but a few days, but in those days the seed of evil was sown.

They were settled at Heath Hall. The time occupied by them in the wedding festivities while they were inmates of the Glade—the guests of Mrs Gardiner Green—was also improved at the Heath.—Workmen had been sent thither and the house put in some repair. The negroes had been called home from hire, and set to work in clearing up the grounds—piling the weeds, briars and rubbish up—drying and burning them for manure—in repairing old and putting up new fences, &c. The brick wall enclosing the garden, and running round the very edge of the promontory had been mended, the garden put in order, and the wild and desolate aspect of the whole place somewhat ameliorated.—On the day of their return to Heath Hall a dinner and an evening party of course had been given, and that was the last. The next day they were left quietly in possession of their own home.

There, reader! Northern reader and city reader, you have now some idea of country weddings in middle life in Maryland and Virginia,—very different, you will admit, from city weddings. Raymond remained with them until the first of September, when his college term commencing, he returned to the North. Hagar grieved wildly after him, and threw herself upon her face when the packet in which he sailed disappeared up the river. His return to college had been doubtful, but was decided by an event that had occurred about two weeks after their return to the Heath. Up to the day of their return, the health and spirits of Mr. Withers had continued to improve—in a few days after their arrival, however—after the new moon, and as it increased to its full, the sleep of Withers became disturbed, his nights were uneasy and his days gloomy—a deadly pallor settled on his face—his features became haggard, his cheeks hollow, and his eyes sunken and glowing in their deep sockets. Now Sophie's heart trembled with uneasiness, now palpitated with alarm. Raymond was now ever at her side with words of gentle affection and cheerful encouragement—the boy seemed old and wise beyond his years, by the preternatural development by suffering,—he requested Sophie not to permit his father to perceive her knowledge that the terrible crisis of his malady was at hand, and they both redoubled their attentions to him. Daily his manner became more eccentric and alarming—he would sit at the table gloomy and glowering without uttering a word during the meal—then rising up he would walk off to the forest, or the beach—Raymond following him at a safe distance. Sometimes he would look back before leaving the house, remorsefully at Sophie, would return, take her hand, and then with a sudden change of mood—his green eyes scintillating sparks of fire—fling it from him with violence and hurry off. Raymond grew hourly more wretchedly anxious on Sophie's account.—Day and night she was exposed, alone, to the danger of his violence. One morning when Sophie had come down to prepare breakfast, she found Raymond already in the breakfast room—he advanced to meet her.

"Where is my father, Sophie?"

"In his chamber—he has not slept the whole night."

"Sophie! I wish to say this to you—there is a malignity in his madness now that I have never seen before—it is a new feature, and it excites my fears for you. Sophie, leave him here in my care, and go and visit your friend, Mrs. May, for a few days—do, Sophie."

"How, Raymond! was my pledge given, my mission undertaken only for easy and safe duty—was there any proviso made that as soon as it became onerous, or dangerous, it should be abandoned? no, Raymond, I will be firm through these dark days—they will soon be past, and I shall feel repaid."

"But your life—your *life* may be endangered."

"'Life'—why, Raymond, of what great value is my life, that it should not be risked in a good cause."

"I do believe, Sophie, that it was your being brought up in that room papered with the martyrs, that has given this singular bias to your character—why, Sophie, the world knowing your history in connection with my father, would consider *you* the most insane of the two."

They were standing side by side at the window, looking out upon the bay—its rippling waves glittering in the morning sun, its dark green bosom relieved by the white sails of a packet moving up the river. They had not heard the entrance of Withers, who approached and stood behind them—his face pale, his livid lips compressed, his eyes drawn in and glowing in their deep sockets.

"But dear Sophie," continued the youth, "we must think of some place for securing your safety."

In an instant the hands of Withers fell heavily upon his neck.

"Perfidious son of a perfidious mother!" he exclaimed, shaking him violently, "her image in heart and mind as well as in person—traitor and reprobate! would you wile the love of my bride away from me? would you teach her your vile mother's sin?"

The delicate youth was but as a reed in his grasp. Sophie sank pale and helpless into a chair. Now another figure appeared upon the scene—little Hagar stamping and screaming, upon the floor,

"Let Raymond! let my brother alone! Let him go, I say! you old Satan, you. I—I'll *kill* you—I'll scratch your eyes out," and clambering upon a chair, and then upon a table, she sprang cat-like upon the back of his neck—now he was obliged to drop his hold of Raymond a moment to shake off the little wild-cat—he seized her, and pulling her off, hurled her flying through the open window!—With a cry of anguish, Raymond sprang from the spot—from the room, and hurried around into the yard. The fall was not deep—the turf was soft—and the lithe, agile child had lighted on her feet and hands. She sprang up as Raymond came, and running to meet him asked anxiously,

"Are you hurt? did he hurt you, Raymond?"

He lifted her in his arms, and hurrying around the back way, ran up stairs with her.

"Oh, your poor neck—only see the marks of his wicked claws on your pretty white neck!" exclaimed the child, and she kissed and closely clasped him, and wept as if her heart were broken up and gushing through her tears. Then raising her head with eyes flashing through her tears, as the lightning gleams through the rain, she said,

"Oh! the bad—bad—*bad* man! I wonder what God lets him stay here for?"

"Hush—you must not ask such sinful questions."

"But I *do* wonder—I'm sure I wouldn't let him stay here if I could help it."

"You must not think such wicked thoughts," said the youth; but he himself was excited and anxious, and setting Hagar down on the foot of her little bed, he said,

"Now, Hagar, you must stay here—you must not come near him again to-day—"

"I'm not afraid of him," interrupted the child.

"No—you have the fire and courage of a young tigress; but you would not make him angry, and so endanger Sophie's peace, would you?"

"No—he shan't hurt Sophie; if he tries—the next time I'll get my claws in his eyes and scratch them out—*right* out! and *then* see who he can hurt!"

"But you are talking of my father, Hagar," said the young man, reproachfully.

"Oh! so I am—*that* is the worst of it."

"Now, Hagar, promise me to stay here till I come and fetch you, will you?"

"Yes—I will do any thing in the world *you* want me to do, Raymond—just see if I don't!"

"Well, then, I am going to look after Sophie—and I will be back as soon as I can."

He found Sophie extended in a swoon upon the floor. Withers was gone. He raised her and bathed her face—she revived—he set her in the deep arm chair.

"Hagar?" inquired she, as soon as she could speak.

"Is not hurt—has neither scratch nor bruise—she is in my chamber—I thought it best that she should keep out of sight of my father for the present."

"What is to be done—where is Mr. Withers?"

"I do not know where he is gone—but you must seek a place of safety."

"No—no—no—I will stay here—I think I understand now why his lunacy takes this malignant character towards you—you remind him of—no matter—but you—poor bereft boy—you must return immediately to your college—I can deal with him better, alone, I am sure."

"But, Sophie, you are nervous—*unfit* for this—the spirit indeed is willing—but the flesh—the flesh is weak—you swooned just now—you have not even the firmness and courage of little Hagar."

"No, not the firmness, or the *fierceness* but I have the courage. It must be as I say—you must leave here—you are too much like—poor boy, I did not mean to wound you—indeed I did not—you must return to your college, and by the time you have finished your course there—the absence of exciting causes—tranquillity and sympathy will have restored your unfortunate father to health—then you will return and we shall all be happy together—courage, Raymond! God is at the helm! we must not forget that!—He will yet guide us safely through this rough sea and starless night—now, Raymond go and seek him—watch him, but keep out of his sight." He left her to do her bidding.

By a natural reaction the madness of Withers now assumed another aspect. Late in the afternoon he returned and entered not *his own*, but Raymond's chamber. Sophie was in their room, and heard him come slowly up the stairs, enter the adjoining chamber and throw himself upon Raymond's bed. She determined to go to him, though her every nerve from heart to extremities was trembling and quivering. She arose and entered the room; the white wrapper that she wore was not whiter than her cheek, as she sat down by the bedside, where his long thin figure, in its black suit, lay extended upon the white counterpane. But what a change had come over him! never even in his most rational moments had she seen him in such a mood; his manner was subdued, the expression of his countenance pensive, his tones gentle. No one that had seen him in his ordinary manner, hard, stern, harsh and bitter, would have recognized him now—alas! this mood was as unnatural to him and as much a feature in his lunacy as was the other of the morning, it was but the reaction of his phrensy. He held his hand out to her, she took it and pressed it between her own.

"I would not go into your room, Sophie, for fear of disturbing you, and you came to me. Alas! and you are so pale, you tremble so much, poor girl, I have nearly killed you, you will give me up now!" and an expression of anguish convulsed his countenance.

"No, no, I will not; my paleness, trembling, swooning, is a matter of nerves, not of will, I cannot help it, but I will not upon that account leave you, my flesh shrinks, but my reason does not convince me of any personal risk."

"And there is none to *you*, none to you, Sophie, believe it; in my maddest moments I could not hurt you."

At this moment Raymond not knowing who was in the room entered, started slightly on seeing his father on the bed with Sophie sitting by him, but quickly recovering himself, walked up to the bed, and inquired, as though nothing had happened,

"How are you now, sir?"

"Better, calmer, my boy—but oh! Raymond, my son, why had you not kept out of my way? You know, you *know* the risk you run; think if in my phrensy I were to do you a fatal injury, what would my after life be? Sophie! you see how fair and wan he is, he was more robust once, but in my first fit of phrensy, while he was trying to save me from rushing into the street and exposing my madness, I dealt him a heavy blow upon the chest, injured his lungs, and he has never been well since."

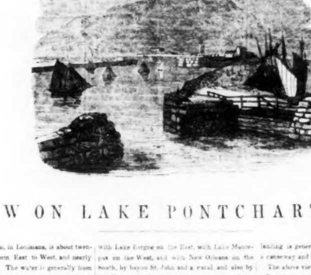
"But he will be well," said Sophie, as, with her eyes full of tears, she turned and laid her hand caressingly on Raymond's shoulder, "he will get well when he has finished his studies and returns home and finds his father restored to health!"

"But will that ever be, Sophie?" sadly inquired the unhappy man.

"Oh! yes, I am sure of it," she said. "Why, though I do not know much about such things, yet it appears to me so reasonable that a malady concealed as yours was, should increase and strengthen, instead of subside, and that it should darken your mind, that I am not at all surprised; and I believe that now, relieved by communication and sympathy, it will gradually leave you."

This mood also changed in a few hours. As the moon waned he relapsed into the gloom and reserve of his habitual manner. By the vigilance of Sophie and Raymond little Hagar had been kept carefully out of his sight for some days, and now when she came into his presence, in his abstraction he scarcely observed her. Sophie felt uneasy as the Sabbath approached. From the relaxed nerves of the lately overstrained brain, Sophie knew that he could not prepare a sermon, and knew not what excuse could be made, and wondered what had been his course in former emergencies of this kind. She knew not, that during the very fervor and exaltation of insanity he had prepared a sermon, which when delivered on the next Sabbath would electrify the whole congregation with its coal thrilling eloquence. That sermon was the talk of the whole county for weeks. This, the reader knows, is not an uncommon feature in the exalted stages of mania. The "Song of David," written during a fit of insanity by Christopher Smart, a poet of the last century, with a rusty nail on the walls of his cell in the madhouse, is one of the most elevated and sublime strains of sacred poetry I ever read.

Our Picture Gallery.



VIEW ON LAKE PONTCHARTRAIN.

Lake Pontchartrain, in Louisiana, is about twenty-five miles long from East to West, and nearly the same in breadth. The water is generally from twelve to fourteen feet in depth. It communicates with Lake Borgne on the East, with Lake Maurepas on the West, and with New Orleans on the South, by bayou St. John and a canal, and also by a railroad. It is surrounded by marshes, and the landing is generally difficult. The view exhibits a causeway and wharf extending into the lake.

The above view is engraved from the sketches of a French tourist in America.

The first of September arrived. Raymond was gone, and the disbanded school of Sophie Churchill, or as we must now call her Mrs Withers, re-assembled. It was continued for a few months until the end of the year, when Sophie found that she would have to give it up. In one respect a healthful change had passed over Mr. Withers. The violence of his periodical attacks of lunacy gradually subsided, but with this change grew another feature, an exclusive, absorbing, and constantly increasing affection for his gentle young wife. This from his idiosyncrasy became daily more jealous and exacting; he could not endure to have her out of his sight, he grew jealous, not only of the child who occupied a portion of her time, but of the very *business* by which at least half their income was provided.

At the commencement of the Christmas holidays, Sophie broke up her school. Soon after this she received a severe shock in the news of the sudden death of her sister Rosalia and her husband, both of whom were carried off by a prevailing epidemic. This news was communicated by a letter from a lawyer of Baltimore, which letter also informed her that Mr. Withers and herself had been appointed guardians of the person and property of Rosalia Aguilar. This letter happened to come when the mind of Mr. Withers was in its least disturbed state, and therefore in a few days from its reception, Sophie left the Hall for Baltimore, with the purpose of bringing home the little Rosalia Aguilar, the second orphan niece committed to her charge.

CHAPTER XIII.

ROSALIA.

"A lovely being scarcely formed or moulded,
A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet folded."
Byron.

"Mind, Hagar, you must be attentive to your uncle, he is not well, my love, and you must do nothing to annoy him—now, will you promise me, Hagar?" had been the earnest injunction and question of Sophie as she was taking leave of little Hagar the morning of her departure for Baltimore. The child was silent and sulky. This argued ill.

"Oh, Hagar! will you let me depart in anxiety of mind when I may never see you again?"

Hagar was still inexorable.

"Will you not be gentle and good with *Raymond's* father?"

"Yes!" said she, raising her flashing eyes, "for Raymond's sake."

Now it must not be inferred from this that there was unmitigated antagonism between the wild child and her solemn uncle-in-law, but there was that which was far more exasperating, a capricious and fretful attraction. Sometimes highly amused or deeply interested in the child's strong, keen and original genius he would take her into great favor for days together, keep her always with him in his study, open to her hungry and greedy mind stores of food, win her affections, and then, at some fancied irreverence or impropriety on her part, would shake her from his hand as though she had been a viper, and drive her from the room.* And she would fly from the house stung and suffering, to take refuge in the dark woods among the grey rocks, or on the gravelly beach of the surging bay. The wild child took to the wild scenes of nature, as naturally as the squirrel takes to the trees, the bird to the air, or the fish to the water; and soon she was at home there, soon she learned to climb a tree with the swiftness and agility of a monkey, soon she learned, alone, to launch the boat, and wield the oar with a skill and grace that nothing but instinct could have taught, and in the very spirit of adventure she would make long voyages of discovery up and down the shores of the bay. And if a storm was brewing, if the sky was darkened and the thunder muttering in the distance, if danger was ahead, so much the more tempting and exciting was the voyage to the fearless child. The same spirit of adventure and inquiry would lead down a darksome forest path, into the deepest dells and most tangled thickets and far away into the wildest solitudes of the wilderness; and the close hiss of a serpent, or the distant growl of a wolf would only send color to the lips and cheeks, and light to the eyes of the girl whose ardent soul panted for excitement. Do you ask where she got her fiery blood from? I do not know exactly, perhaps the spark was transmitted from some Egyptian long since. All I can tell is that the same wild spirit of adventure had incited several of her ancestors from time to time to rebellion against church and state, had sent the founder of the American branch into the new country, and now occasionally broke out in a solitary member of the house, as in Hagar. And where was Sophie while her little charge roamed over river, creek and bay, forest, moor and rock at large? Absorbed in the care of her lunatic husband, fancying Hagar safe at play, she remained in total ignorance of the child's woodland sports and salt-water voyages.

Sophie had fallen into that dangerous error so common to enthusiasts—the exclusive absorption in one duty, to the neglect of others. Sophie's self-devotion would have been good as it seemed beautiful, had it been governed by *moderation*. It has been ingeniously said by Hassler that "from its position in the solar system, neither too close nor too far removed from the centre of light and heat—*moderation* would seem to be the peculiar virtue appropriate to our earth"—and when one thinks of it, it would seem the one thing needful for a better reason than mere locality. Moderation is the moral guage, the moral regulator, and should be president of the debating society of the passions, propensities, sentiments and virtues. Moderation is to the heart what reason is to the head. Moderation is just precisely that hair line, erroneously said to be invisible, that divides the right from the wrong, good from evil, and virtue from vice. For see. Courage is a good thing, but carried beyond the bounds of moderation it becomes rashness—which is a bad thing. Cautiousness is also good, but beyond moderation it becomes cowardice—which is bad. Liberality on the other side of the line of moderation is prodigality. Even religion, piety, which is most excellent, stretched beyond the line of moderation becomes fanaticism, superstition—which is any thing but worship and honor to the Creator. I can quote Scripture for that. "Be not righteous over much."

Poor Sophie was "over much," and hence her self-sacrifice was not, as it might have been, productive of unmingled good. To Hagar it brought much evil, not only by leaving her to the pursuit of her own wild pleasures, but in subjecting her before she could understand it to the caprices of an unimpaired intellect excited by a nervous and bilious temperament. Her sentiments towards her uncle were at the time of Sophie's departure a singular and most exasperating blending of affection and anger, if not of positive love and hatred. He would take her into favor for weeks, and just as she was growing confident and easy in his affection, he would throw her off without a cause, and treat her with freezing coldness for other weeks; her first feeling would be a mixed emotion of sorrow and anger, and that would subside into a cold dislike, fostered by his unkind manner; and then just as she was getting to hate him comfortably, feeling quite justified in entertaining the sentiment and quite independent in consequence, lo and behold, some unexpected, and as it would seem to her, some undeserved act of kindness or tenderness would melt the iceberg in her bosom, and she could weep in very penitence for all the coldness she had felt and shown.

When Sophie left the Hall, Hagar, according to her promise, tamed her heart of fire and gave every gentle attention to her provoking uncle, who was now in one of his morose fits by reason of Sophie's absence, and therefore was very hard to be satisfied. A week passed away, during which Hagar's short stock of patience was nearly exhausted by receiving in return for all her attention cold looks, short replies, and half suppressed grumblings—the dark sky and muttering thunder of an approaching storm.

Affairs were in this state at the Hall when the day of Sophie's expected return arrived. The packet usually put out a little boat and landed passengers for the Hall upon the beach under the promontory. Early in the afternoon Hagar's falcon eye descrying a sail upon the bay, she ran down to the promontory, sped down the rocky declivity with the agility and swiftness of a kid, and stood upon the sunny beach to await its approach. The packet swiftly approached, stopped opposite the promontory and a boat put out from her side, and was swiftly rowed to the beach.

Hagar sprung to meet her aunt who stepped upon the sand, leading a little girl of about three years of age, dressed in deep mourning. Hagar had sprung up into Sophie's arms and given her a quick embrace, when the latter putting her down said—"Kiss your cousin, Hagar."

"Yes, kiss me, Hagar," said the little one, "kiss me, love me—I've got no mother." And the large bright tears rolled down her rosy cheeks. Hagar caressed her as a kitten might caress a young dove, with its claws out. And the soft sensitive pet half evaded her wire-like clasp. "Oh! she is a city baby, used to be nursed by *white* nurses, and to step her little soft feet upon pavements, and to play with dolls in dining-rooms; she shrinks from me, whose play grounds are the forest, rocks and waters—and whose toys are bows, arrows and guns." And Hagar bent forward and gazed with her keen eyes into the face of the timid child as they walked side by side towards the ascent of the cliff. Here even Sophie's hand afforded little assistance to the unpractised feet of the infant as she toiled up the steep and dangerous cliff glancing with terror at the sharp projecting points of the rocks sticking up ready to impede her soft form if she missed her footing. Hagar gazed at the little frightened toiler, half in pity, half in amusement, until suddenly the devil leaped into the eyes of the wild child, and seizing her cousin, she swung her upon her shoulder, and springing from the spot with the bound of a kid, scarcely touching the points of the rocks with her light feet, she flew up the steep knobs of the cliff—while Rose clung to her neck in deadly terror, and Sophie raised her hands in awe-struck astonishment. Arrived at the top safe, she set her down, panting, and tenderly as she knew how soothed her alarm. But from that moment through all her after life, Rosalia feared and shrunk from Hagar.

Mr. Withers received Sophie with visible pleasure and affection; drawing her to his bosom and pressing a kiss upon her lips. But when he stooped to welcome her little charge Rosalia, he suddenly drew back, shaded his eyes with his hands and gazed at her; then recovering himself, he welcomed the orphan with a few words of encouragement and re-assurance.

After the children were in bed that night, and while Withers and Sophie sat by the parlor fire, he said, as if half musing, "The same intense blue eyes, the same golden hair, except that both are softer." Then suddenly turning to Sophie, and speaking earnestly, he said—"Tell me, my guardian angel, is it an illusion of my wayward imagination, or does Rosalia resemble—re—semble—?"

"Raymond?" suggested Sophie, with tact.

"Yes, Raymond," he replied quickly. "You have seen it then, too?"

"Yes, she *does* resemble Raymond—but that may be from her having the same colored hair and eyes, and the same delicately fair skin—which she takes from her mother, my sister Rosalia, who was of that complexion."

"Yes—but the features, the expression, that peculiar arch of the delicate upper lip, that sweeping curve of the upper lids falling over 'eyes whose light might fix the glance of any seraph gazing not on God,' and the elegantly carved hand and arm, and foot—the very form and features of—of—" he paused and sighed deeply—"of Fanny Raymond. Yes, of Fanny Raymond, as I knew her when a child—except that this child has more softness, tenderness—more lymph, if one might use the expression."

"Why do you not tell me all about it, Mr Withers; then you would feel better, then there would be freer conversation between us; no starts, broken sentences and misapprehensions."

"Why do you wish to pry into my secrets?" asked he, angrily, and rising, paced the floor with moody air and a dark brow. After a while he returned and sat down. Sophie went and sat beside him—and obtaining possession of his hand caressed it as she said gently,

"I do not wish to pry into your secrets, believe me I do not—I only wish to give you peace; after so long a time, do you not know me for your *friend*?"

"Well, then, Sophie, do not exasperate me by questions of my past life; at some periods I have very little self-control, as you very well know."

His moroseness increased from this hour, until a day or two after his disease broke out in phrensy. His attack had reached its crisis, passed it, and declined into gloom as before. Sophie had successfully guarded him from public exposure. Again as before, a sermon written during the exalted stage of his insanity, had electrified the whole country. It seemed strange, but it was not unprecedented in the annals of insanity, that one who had well nigh lost his reason, should at some periods perceive the points of his subjects with microscopic distinctness, and argue them with mathematical closeness and precision. It was less strange, that into this perfect body of logic, his burning imagination should cast a soul of eloquence, fire and life. His fame was spread all through the neighboring counties, and crowds flocked to hear him preach. Could they at some seasons have seen his heart, or even entered his home! And yet they knew as much, and judged as correctly of him, as many of us know and judge of some around and near us every day. Still he accomplished much good. Sophie felt this, and took heart amid her troubles. Truth, pure truth, loses none of its force and point by any mode of conveyance through which it reaches its object. Truth diluted with falsehood, comes weak and faint through any medium.

It would be vain to try to give you any fair idea of the winning beauty and gentle grace of the little Rosalia Aguilar, whom but to look upon was to love. She soon became the favorite of the whole house, from its solemn master down to old Cumbo in the kitchen. Hagar loved her at first, and tried to teach her to make and use little bows and arrows, and to coax her off to her forest haunts, or out on the bay; but when, after her repeated efforts, she found the gentle and timorous child still shrink from her offers of entertainment, she left her alone—and afterwards, when she felt that the loving little beauty was winning from her the little hold she had upon the affections of the household, her heart became bitter, and the jealous trait in her character grew and strengthened. More than ever she took to the desolate scenes about her native hall. She made wider excursions upon the bay, and deeper inroads into the forest—in the wild wantonness of her nature she would scale the most difficult rocks, and swim along the very edge of the most fearful precipices, or climb the tallest trees and letting herself out upon the frailest branches, rock up and down between earth and sky, delighted to tamper with danger; or if the branch beneath her broke, save herself, monkey like, by an agile spring and catch at the nearest bough. Thus the keen perceptive faculties of the child were only employed in perfecting her animal strength and agility. And Sophie? had Sophie quite abandoned her? No, but occupied with her unhappy and exacting husband, and with her younger and more helpless niece, Sophie seeing Hagar always well, left her very much to herself. And indeed the wild child was always rather beyond the control of her gentle relative. Thus passed the winter.

The close intimacy that had subsisted between the little families of Heath Hall and Grove Cottage, had been considerably interrupted since the marriage of Sophie. She wished to preserve the secret of her husband, and therefore rather discouraged the continuance of the hitherto almost daily intercourse between the families. Emily also felt an aversion to the minister that had an influence in severing the close intimacy of the friends. And Augustus, too, being in daily attendance upon a school three miles in the opposite direction, found little chance to visit his old playmate Hagar. Emily, however, though her visits were few and far between, still felt in all its devotion her warm affection for Sophie. Other neighbors, mere acquaintances, came occasionally to the Hall, and sometimes spent a day there, or a day and night after the manner of country neighborhood visiting, but from these careless and uninterested observers Sophie succeeded in keeping her misfortune secret. The two children were objects of considerable attention from these visiters, and the striking contrast of their persons, manners and characters, noted and commented upon, *in their presence*. The winning beauty and sweet confiding sociability of the fair cherub, and the wild shy reserve of the dark child were compared, and sagely commented upon—and conclusions very disparaging to Hagar, drawn by these superficial critics who did not understand her. Indeed the contrast between these two children was so striking, that they were never passed by strangers or servants without some such remark as this—"Rosalia is beautiful, lovely—but that other child is *very* homely." It is very wrong to make remarks on the personal beauty or ugliness of children in their hearing. The effect is invariably injurious. It is highly reprehensible to draw invidious comparisons between the beauty of children, especially before their faces. This thoughtlessness is fraught with the direst consequence. When you say so carelessly in their presence, that "Anne is prettier than Jane," and look at Anne as though her accidental beauty were a virtue, and look at Jane as though she were in fault—think that into the fertile soil of the children's hearts you have dropped the seeds of evil—the seed of vanity in the heart of Anne, the seed of envy into that of Jane, and the germ of discord into both. Upon Rosalia and Hagar these thoughtless remarks were producing the worst effects. Rosalia, loved, petted and praised by the family, the servants and visitors, with all her gentleness and sweetness, was growing vain, selfish and sensual—and loved best of all things to lie in some old lady's soft lap and suck sugar-plums, while the said old lady caressed and praised her. And she was a most endearing child; unlike other spoiled and petted children she never gave way to temper—she was much too gentle for that. She was penetrable, sensitive, not high spirited. Sometimes in his wilful moods Mr. Withers would repulse her, though never with the asperity with which he drove Hagar from his presence; and she would weep, and come back, and coax and caress him until the madman, subdued by the power of love, would take her to his bosom—where nestling herself cosily, she would fall into the deep sleep—the reaction of her excitement; while his own stormy soul, mesmerized, would subside into calmness. And daily his love for her and his aversion to Hagar increased. Upon Hagar, too, these influences were producing the worst effects. Jealousy and suspicion of the few she loved, scorn and contempt for the opinions of others—neglect of her person as little worth attention, and a morbid desire to be loved exclusively—these were some of the evil fruits of her mal-education.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE ATTIC.

"An old joy of childhood and youth, a cat-like love of garrets."—Emerson.

One more circumstance, patient reader, and I have done tiring you with the squabbles of children. It was one that more particularly introduced Hagar to the notice of Mrs May, and saved her from degenerating quite into a savage. It occurred some time after the events recorded in the last chapter. But just let me briefly sum up the history of the intervening time. The disease of Mr Withers had changed in these respects—he was no longer subject to violent outbreaks; but his malady, wanting that vent, had only deepened in gloom and moroseness. He had lost his eloquence and power in the pulpit to that degree, that a curate had to be appointed to assist him, and his pay deducted from the minister's small salary. This curate boarded with Emily. The farm only partly reclaimed, had been suffered to relapse into desolation. The income arising from Sophie's school had been, of course, cut off at its discontinuance. And the family at Heath Hall found themselves in straightened circumstances. This was felt more heavily, as the continued exactions of Mr. Withers upon the time and attention of his gentle and complying wife left her little opportunity for those economies and contrivances by which a thrifty house-keeper makes the most of a narrow income. Raymond had not once visited the Hall, though he frequently wrote. Emily May repulsed by what she supposed the coldness of Sophie, altogether absented herself.

Gusty was absent on a voyage with his uncle, Lieutenant Wilde, who had made one visit to Grove Cottage, but without calling upon or even inquiring after Sophie.

It was just before the expected return of Gusty, near the close of the winter, when Hagar was driven in from her rambles by the arising of a furious storm. She betook herself to the garret, her place of refuge in times of trouble. Poor little Rose repulsed by the gloom and ill temper of "uncle," had already hidden herself there; and the children sat before the fireless hearth—the desolate children in the desolate scene. It was a large, low, square room, with two deep dormer windows facing the East, and looking far out upon the bay—with a dark cuddie under the eaves of the Western wall—with a rude fire place on the South, and opposite on the North, the door leading from the room into the narrow passage and down the stairs. The walls were very dark, and the plastering broken here and there. Between the two dormer windows and close to the floor, was a large crevice in the wall, through which you might look into the long dark space between the wall and the edge of the roof, a space corresponding to the cuddie on the opposite side. Strange sounds were sometimes heard in this place and through the crevice. Hagar, that child of shadows, would look with mysterious awe—for with its boundaries lost in obscurity, to her it seemed a dark profound sinking through the house down to the centre of the earth, while her imagination loved to people it with ghosts, gnomes, and all the subterranean demons she had read of in her favorite book, the Arabian Nights. "Listen! listen! to the spirits," she would sometimes whisper in wantonness to her little cousin.

"I hear nothing but the rats in the cuddie," would the matter-of-fact Rose reply. The floor of the attic was bare, the planks rude and rough, and worn apart in some places, leaving dark apertures, down which Hagar would look as into an interminable abyss the haunt of her favorite gnomes. There was no furniture in this room, except an old trunk without a top, that sometimes served Rosalia for a baby-house, and sometimes, reversed, for a seat. Upon this trunk the children were now seated. The storm still raged around the old house-top—the shingles were reft off, whirled aloft and sent clattering like hail-stones to the ground; the wind howled and shrieked about the walls, and the old windows and rafters writhed and groaned in the blast, like the wail of lost souls, and the laugh of exultant fiends. The rain was dashed in floods against the crazy windows, and the children sprinkled through their crevices. The water began to stream from the leakages in the ceiling, and to collect in puddles in the corners of the room. These puddles enlarging and approaching each other, threatened to overflow the floor. The children drew their trunk upon the fireless hearth. Rose's little chubby arms and legs were red with cold.

"Oh! how the wind's a-blowing. I am almost frozen," wept Rose. And they were. "Let's go into the parlor," suggested Rose.

Hagar looked at her with astonishment, that she should propose to "beard the lion" in his present mood.

"Yes, into the parlor," persisted the child. "I'll bet you anything that uncle will let us stay in the parlor this evening, and warm ourselves at the fire. It is so very cold, you know."

"Well! it is my house anyhow, and so for your sake, Rose, we *will* go down."

And hand in hand the shivering children left the attic; passed down four flights of back stairs, and went to the parlor door, and Rosalia peeped timidly in. It was the same old parlor—papered with the christian martyrs that I have before described, and there sat the tall thin figure of Mr. Withers, dark, solemn, and lowering, and opposite sat Sophie, with her soft brown eyes bent over her knitting. And, oh! sight of luxury to the half frozen child—there was a glorious glowing hickory fire, crackling, blazing and roaring in the chimney. The children opened the door and passed in, carefully closing it after them; they approached the fire, Hagar with an *air* of defiance, Rose with a look of deprecation. Sophie looked at the children with remorseful tenderness, and made room for them, unluckily, between herself and Withers, thereby attracting his attention. He turned, and knitting his brows until they met across his nose, and fixing his eyes sternly on the children, he asked, in a rough tone—

"What are you doing here?"

"Warming ourselves!" exclaimed Hagar, raising her eyes, flashing, to his face.

He frowned darkly on her, and half started from his seat, while Rose cowered at her side, and Sophie grew pale.

"Be off with yourselves," he said, in a stern under tone.

Hagar planted her feet firmly on the ground, while Rosalia stole away. Sophie arose, and saying, in a low tone, "Take Rose to the kitchen, dear Hagar," prepared to follow them.

"Come back, Sophie!" exclaimed Withers, in an excited tone. And she sat down, with a patient, despairing look, merely motioning to Hagar by an imploring gesture, to leave the room.

"Well! let's go into the kitchen and warm ourselves at Aunt Combo's fire," suggested the ever hopeful Rosalia.

They left the parlor by a back door that led through a sort of closet into the kitchen. The storm was still raging, but a good fire was burning on the kitchen hearth, and the tea-kettle was singing over the blaze, and old Combo was standing at a table kneading dough.

"Are you going to have biscuits for supper, Aunt Combo?" asked Rosalia, in a coaxing tone, as she approached the table.

"Now, what you comin' out here botherin' arter me for, when I am gettin' supper—go long in de house wid you."

The old woman happened to be in a bad humor.

"But, Aunt Combo, we are cold—we want to warm ourselves," coaxed Rose. "Mayn't we warm ourselves by your fire?"

"No, no, no! kitchen ain't no place for white children, no how you can fix it, so go 'long in wid you." And the rough old woman came bustling up to the fire-place—drove the little girls away, and began to set her spider and spider-lid to heat.

"No—this is no place for us," said Hagar, who disdained a controversy with a menial; and the children left the passage.

Rosalia's teeth were chattering, and she felt as though the cold had reached her heart.

"I wish that we were both dead, Hagar," said she, in a whimpering tone.

"I don't," said Hagar, looking half in pity, half in scorn, at the wailing child. "Nor must you. You must live. You are to marry the President of the United States, you know."

"O, yes!" exclaimed the vain child, suddenly brightening up, "so I am! Combo, when she ain't cross, says I'm pretty enough to marry him or his betters! And then, Hagar!—oh, Hagar! then I am going to have a good fire all the time, in every room in the house; and I will wear *whole* shoes and stockings every day, and *always* have biscuits for supper. And—never mind, Hagar, you shall live with me, too; and when I think of that, oh, Hagar! When I think of that, I have such a—such a—what do you call it, that keeps people up, and keeps 'em alive?"

"Hope."

"Yes! 'never give up.' You know Gusty Wilde says 'never give up,' and I am a-going to 'never give up.' I am going down into the cellar, now, to pick up chips. Tarquinus has been down there sawing wood, and I know there must be chips there, and we can pick up enough to make us a fire, and we can make a nice fire and tell stories."

And with the elasticity of childhood she led the way down to the cellar. It was a large, dark, musty old place, with an area partitioned off, in which milk, butter, fresh meat, &c., were kept in summer; in winter it was usually two feet deep in water; now, however, it was nearly dry. It was originally intended for a kitchen, and was built in the old-fashioned English style, with a large grate in the fire-place, with ovens each side, having heavy iron doors. These deep ovens, the bounds of which were out of sight in the darkness, seemed to Hagar like the entrances to subterranean caverns—the abode of ghosts. To Rose they were merely brick closets, that smelt very musty and unpleasant. The brick pavement of the cellar was decayed away, and green with mould. It was, however, a favorite resort with the children, for there they were free from persecution. They entered, and Rosalia began to fill her apron with chips, when Hagar spied an old worn out rag basket, and drew it towards them. They both went to work, and soon filled the little basket, and Rosalia taking it up in her chubby arms began to toil up stairs with it. Hagar would have taken it from her—but "No, Hagar," said she, "I am afraid to go into the kitchen again. I'll carry this, and you go and steal a coal of fire and bring the broom, so that we can sweep up the slop."

Hagar went into the kitchen, which she found vacant. Combo had gone to the spring. Taking a coal of fire in the tongs, and seizing the broom, she fled up stairs into the attic, where little Rose was already busied in clearing the damp rubbish from the fire-place. She received the coal from Hagar, and kneeling down, placed it on the hearth, collected around it the smallest chips, and blew it. A little blaze soon flickered on the hearth. She continued to add more chips as the weak flame would bear it. In the mean time Hagar had swept up the room. The storm had subsided. The little fire was burning cheeringly. The children drew the old trunk before it, and sat down, their arms around each other's waist; their little toes stretched out to the fire; their countenances wearing the satisfied consciousness of having toiled for and won the comforts they were enjoying. And after all, it was but a little fire in a dreary old attic. They were not permitted to enjoy this long. Steps were heard approaching their retreat. The door opened, and Tar, or as he called himself, Tarquinius Superbus—the colored boy of all work—entered. Rose ran to her basket of chips, and placed herself before it.

"What you dem do wid dat broom you stole from de kitchen, you little t'ieves, you? Nex' time you gim me trouble for come up here arter you dem's nonsense, I tell Mrs. Widders an' ef dat don't do I tell *Mr.* Widders—you see!"

With that he espied the broom, and in going around to take it, his eyes fell upon the little fire and the small basket of chips. Poor Rose looked guilty and dismayed, but held desperately on to her property. Hagar watched him with a steady eye.

"My good gracious 'live!—did any soul ever see de like! What *will* Mr. Widders say! A-wasting all de wood! Here's chips enough to kindle all de fires in de mornin'."

And with a prospective glance at his morning's work, when the basket of chips would be very convenient, the rude boy stooped down to take possession of the prize. Rosalia held tight her treasure. He jerked it from her, and in doing so, tore her little tender arms with the rough flags of the old basket. Having lost his temper in the struggle, the boy then went to the chimney, and taking the tongs, scattered the blazing chips, and raking the damp rubbish from the corners, extinguished the fire. Then with his prize he marched out of the room. Rose was sobbing and wiping the blood from her wounded arm. Hagar was still and silent, but the fire was kindling in her dark eyes; her gipsey blood was rising; at last she started after him, overtook him half way down the stairs, and seized the basket, he pulled it from her hold and fled, she pursuing him into the kitchen. To end the matter, he went up to the chimney, turned up the basket, and shook down the chips into the fire. Her gipsey blood was up! She ran to him as he was stooping over his work of wanton cruelty, and giving him a sudden push, sent him into the fire. The basket was crushed under his hands, and saved them from being badly burnt. He struggled, recovered himself, and arose. Just at this moment Combo re-entered the kitchen, and Rosalia, who had followed her cousin, came in.

"What's de matter now?" inquired the old woman.

Hagar was too proud and Rosalia too frightened to speak.

Tar gave an exaggerated account of the whole affair, as he brushed the smut and ashes from his sleeves. He dwelt particularly on the *waste* with which "de childer had burned up all de light wood for kindlin."

Combo turned up the whites of her eyes in horror at the depredation.

"It was only a few little chips that we picked up, and they were damp; and see how he scratched my arms!" said Rosalia, holding them up to view.

Combo having sent in supper, left herself in

[illegible]

CHAPTER XV.

[illegible]

* Some people who are not lunatics treat their children in a less degree in the same capricious way, alternating unreasonable fondness with unmerited harshness; and nothing can be more fatal to the temper and character of a child.

MACAULAY AND HIS REVIEWERS.

The last number of the Edinburgh Review contains an article on Macaulay's History. From internal evidence it is attributed, and with great probability, to Jeffrey, who has come forward with a calm and judicial summing up of the various points that have been stated affecting Macaulay's character as an impartial and credible writer. In the Historian the reviewer recognises the champion of the Old Whig Doctrines of 1688, destined finally to disperse the mists of sentimental Jacobitism, which originating with the party and personal feelings of Hume, gained enlarged currency when adopted and graced by the genius of Scott, "who gave a local and abiding reality to the received perversions of history," till the stern truths on which both parties in the State were agreed, so long as the questions at stake were real and practical, were obscured and misapprehended.

"Now, one great triumph Mr. Macaulay has gained for this and for future generations, is, that he has dispersed for ever this brood of distempered fancies. From the broad and searching light of truth which he has poured in they have shrunk and crept away, never more to profane that sacred temple of constitutional liberty:

"'Celerique fuga sub sidera lapsae
Semesam praedam et vestigia foeda relinquunt.'

"He has brought back the public mind, with a bold and irresistible grasp, to sound, wholesome English views of the great crisis of our constitutional rights—cleansing our history from the mass of rubbish and falsehood by which it had been obscured, and sweeping into eternal forgetfulness the sickly sentiment which still hung round the memory of a race of incorrigible kings. He has restored the much-abused term of loyalty to its true signification—allegiance to the laws and constitution, and high magistracy of the realm; and extinguished, as we hope and believe for ever, the childish adoration of the mere abstraction or impersonation of loyalty."

The peculiarities that distinguish this History from all our other works in the same class of composition are well brought out. Its intense earnest-

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1849.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. We think there need be no great difficulty in getting subscribers to the enlarged paper, as those who will take the trouble to compare it with the other weekly papers, cannot fail to perceive that it outshines all competition. Let it be remembered, also, that *the postage is just the same on a first class paper, as on the meanest and poorest of the small reprints.*

NOTICE.

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State as well as of the town in which they live.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address when they can do so conveniently.

HUNGARIAN NAMES.

The editor of the Tribune, who has probably been "booked up" by one who knows, gives the following information relative to the correct pronunciation of Hungarian names:

Kossuth is pronounced as if written Kosh-oot, (oo as in moon); Georgey is not like Georgie, the diminutive of George, but as if written Gayur gay—at least, that is the best way we can think of for conveying an idea of the vowel sound in the first syllable; the vowel itself we have not in English. The name is sometimes spelt *Georgey*, which is totally wrong; if you want to spell it after the German fashion, it must be *Goergey*, as Göthe is sometimes written Goethe.

The name of Count Wass, the envoy in this country, is pronounced Vosh; that of Nadgy Sandor, the famous Magyar cavalry officer, is Nodj Shandor, the a in the second name (which, by the way, is the Christian name—the Hungarians always put the surname first—and means Alexander) being pronounced as a in *far;* Magyar is Mod-yar; Acs is like *arch* with the r left out; Dobreczen (this is the true spelling of the word, though the Germans, from whom we copy, write the last syllable with z) is Dobret-sane; Miskolcz is Mish kolch; Bisztricz (the Germans write it Bistricz) is Bistrits; Szekler is Seke-ler; Szegedin is Segedin; Csorna is Chorna; Saros is Sharosh, (a as in far.) Pesth is properly Pesht, but the German pronunciation, Pest, universally prevails in other countries.

Bacska is Batch-ka (a as in far.) Kecskemet is Ketch-ke mate. Czeglad is Cheg-lad. Percsel is Portsel, the e in the first syllable being as in the first syllable of *derry*. Bekes is Bay-kaysh. Aszod is Ah-sode. Temesvar is Temesh-var (the a as in far.) Gyongyos is—a stumper, and we defy any man to describe the way it is pronounced, so that another can pronounce it aright from the description. Those who can't find any one to teach them the sounds orally, must content them-

The Polar Plant.—This curious production of the Western Prairies, which has the extraordinary faculty of pointing, compass like, North and South, is called sulphium laciniatum. The cause of its polarity is yet to be discovered. Major Alvord says—

"A careful analysis, by the use of the most delicate tests, gave no trace in it of the existence of the magnetic oxide of iron, or of any other compound of iron. Major A. conjectured, therefore, that the polarity may be due to electric currents, as the plant is full of resinous matter, so as to be sometimes called the 'Rosin Weed.' His observations upon it were intended only to incite attention to the subject. The botanist and the chemist will see that much remains to be done in accurately determining the cause of its singular movements."

Coals.—Sea-coal was prohibited from being used in and near London, as being "prejudicial to human health," and even smiths were obliged to burn wood in 1273. In 1840 there were consumed in London alone two millions, six hundred and thirty-eight thousand, two hundred and fifty-six tons.

☞ In England they grow grass on the line of railway to prevent the dust rising on the passage of the cars. A London journal announces that haymaking was in full operation on the line between Exeter and Crediton.

Political Intelligence.

United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1860.

THE HUNGARIAN DIET.

An article in one of the British Magazines says:—"The Hungarian Diet consists of two assemblies, numbering—count changes apart—six hundred members, of which two hundred form the Upper House, or Table—Upper and Lower Table being the terms used. The former sits by right; the latter is elective, and triennial. All nations originate with the Lower Table, but are first discussed at what is called 'a private meeting.' Respectably dressed persons are admitted in the body of the hall as well as the gallery, and are permitted to applaud when anything is said which they consider worthy the house.—The author above quoted gives us an account of one of these meetings, which it may not be out of place to transcribe:—"The first sensation that struck me," she observes, 'was the extreme order and business-like appearance of the whole assembly. No listless loungers occupying a couple of chairs with their elaborate idleness; no hooks, looking as though they had nothing to do the dust or mud of a great thoroughfare; no members sitting with their hats on, as if to show to express their contempt, both for their occupation and their colleagues, were to be seen, but in the universal and solemn costume of the Hungarian Deputies. The tables were covered with papers, folio volumes with many a dog's-ear, and the caps and gloves of the members.

"The crowd who thronged the lower end of the hall, and extended for some distance between the tables, were orderly and attentive to a degree regularity with which the proceedings progressed was admirable; and after all that I had been told on the subject of the "semi-barbarous" Hungarian Deputies. The tables were covered with papers, folio volumes with many a dog's-ear, and the caps and gloves of the members.

"Another peculiarity is worth notice:—In no respect the Hungarian people show more the advantage of our own as regards their representation—as Deputy being permitted to vote against the feeling of his constituency. This circumstance sometimes occur of the exercise of this privilege. On one occasion we witnessed the case of the late King Ferdinand's right to levy troops, within at the same time advertising with the freedom of public discussion. Among others, a Deputy from one of the most populous counties in the interior of Hungary rose and spoke at length to the satisfaction of the Government party; but was scarcely, he said,—"Gentlemen are my opinions, my principles, and my views. I cannot look upon the question in any other light. Bound am instructed by the county which I represent to vote with the opposition; and my vote must be registered accordingly." As may be supposed the Opposition were not slack with their cheers. The sitting, to which the public were admitted by ballot pressed, was conducted pretty much as in England—that is, with noise and shouting, speechifying and excitement.

NEW TREATMENT.

The foreign correspondent of the New York Tribune mentions, among recent scientific works, a publication of Dr. Abbott's on a new method of pain and of certain diseases, by freezing. He says:

"The Doctor's work is entitled 'The New World.' *Headache, Erysipelas, &c., by Intending Cold.*—He makes use of a mixture of ice and salt, on the proportion of 1 to 3, by which a temperature 40 below can be applies by means of a little pans of silk which are made in the form of a purse, to which are as the forehead or other parts of the scalp, where the application is desired to act. Many cases are cited of instantaneous relief in headaches of very long standing, and which had resisted all other means. The skin is not shrivelled by the process, and it takes but a few minutes to produce the desired effect. The same treatment has been used successfully in cases of erysipelas of the head and face, a truly formidable disease. It also is said to diminish the pain of bruising, and in short in all inflammations of the surface, whether having a tendency to gangrene or not. Ice, he remarks, is a powerful antidote, not only to pain against it, but this seems cold at once knocks out all inflammation, and causes local paralysis of consciousness. Hence he has used the same means in case of amputations, and also in cases where the part can be recommended, as in amputation of fingers, cutting out of superficial tumors, &c.; the pain, he says, is entirely prevented. He also suggests its use for severe bites and many skin diseases will no doubt prove a good therapeutic remedy. But the grand benefit of immediate power and easy applicability, add to which it comes to pain, no from the inconvenience of long and tedious ice and leaves behind it, with moderate care, no ill consequences. Such is the new method of artificial to various distressing well-known forms of pain or in both men."

LOLA MONTEZ.

Lola Montez, or rather Mrs. Heald, has caused another ferment in the fashionable world of London, by having married a Captain Thomas Jeffers, of the 3d Light Dragoons, on the 30th ult. Lola was born in Eliza Rose Anne, or Rosanna Jeffers. She has admitted the fact of her former marriage, but asserts that the contract was illegal, as she was not of age at Parliament, in passing which, Lord Brougham took a very active part.

What is singular about the affair is, that the act was brought by the son and heir of Mr. Heald, that neither of her Majesty's Ministers would do such a thing. Mr. H. accompanied his somewhat unfortunate parent into court, and by his manner and tenderness of feeling, promptly gave the ball required, and the case was put off for a month, to allow for the settlement.

It is stated by the London Times that the Marquis of Londonderry, Lord Colwyn, of the 2nd Life Guards, has taken the most decisive steps to recommend to the Queen that Mr. Heald's resignation of his commission as an officer of that regiment should be accepted on, in consequence of his marriage.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 458—white 88, and children 144.

Clippings.

☞ The human brain is the twenty-eighth of the body, but the brain of a horse is the one-hundredth.

☞ Monkeys are very odd creatures. One half excuse what they practice, the other half practice what they censure. The rest say and do as they might.

☞ Over eight thousand crows were killed in Clarke County, Ind., during the month of June, to prove this cruelty was not perpetuated without cause.

☞ Wilkie, in one of his late caricature lithos, has a characteristic touch at the physical geography of Cape Cod. You will see, if you look at it upon the map, you will see that it resembles the bent leg of Neptune, and is a part of giving the enemy a kick."

☞ Beautifulize the love, and reward the kiss of the sister that you have. It haven't a sister handy try your cousin—it isn't much worse.—Exchange.

If you have not a cousin of your own, borrow the baby else's—there's no difference.

☞ A man on making a contract that whenever he went into a jury box, he was associated with eleven of the most obstinate fellows in creation. Yet they could never agree with him.

☞ The time of good company is marked by the absence of gossiping. Among well bred and formed persons, there are plenty of topics to discuss, without giving pain to any, or without submitting to set the part of a butt, or at that still poorer creature, the wag that plays upon him.

☞ The following curious advertisement lately appeared in the columns of a Yorkshire paper:—"To private contract, a beautiful monkey, a parrot, two spaniels, and some fowls. The property of a lady just married, who has no further occasion for the same."

☞ A little child being at a sermon, and observing the minister very vehement in his words and body gesticulations, said, "Mother, what is the people tell the man out of the fire?"

☞ The Academy of New England has enlisted a fund for erecting the works of the New England Fathers, the first volume of which embraces the works of the immortal Dr. Bellamy.

☞ A strange sailor, says the Centreville (Mississippi) Times, arrived in opposition on Lake Island, on the 5th ultimo. He descried at night from a foreign ship off North Point, and pulled himself across and down the bay, alone; twenty miles, on a plank twelve inches wide and twelve feet long.

☞ "Sir," said a member from Assumption, in the Louisiana Legislature, "I am here, the proud representative of my constituents; I am here from the parish of Assumption, and while I stand on this floor I and Assumption are of a piece."

"Yes," said an honorable opposite, "and you are the loudest piece of assumption that was ever heard of."

☞ "We are in favor," says an exchange, "of a dog all for our fellow men we possibly can; but we think that when a person who can't swim Jo eye overboard to save the life of a poor wretch whom he has never seen before, he acts somewhat precipitately."

☞ "It is not always a mark of frankness to present an open countenance. An alligator is a deceitful creature, and yet he presents an open countenance when in the very act of taking you in."

☞ "Did I not give you a flogging the other day?" said a schoolmaster to a trembling urchin. "Yes, sir," answered the boy.

"Well, what does the flogging say upon the subject?"

"I don't know, sir," said the other, "except it is in that passage which says, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'"

☞ Proceedings have been commenced at New Haven were at war 1812 years; more than half the time.

☞ The number of immigrants into the United States last year was estimated, on the most accurate data that could be obtained at 210 000. This year the number will probably reach 300,000.

General News.

THE FIRST METHODIST MEETING HOUSE IN AMERICA.—A handsome Church edifice, recently completed in Pittsburgh in London, contains the following inscription on the front:—"Erected in James St. Street, A. D. 1760, by the Rev. John Wesley, A. M. founder of the first Methodist Meeting House in America."

"The first Methodist meeting house in America was a log hut, not unsuggestive, probably, of the retreat of Captain Wolfe, a score of ground was cleared around Golden Hill, *among which are the borders of New York, near named John street* and Methodist Church, which has any of existence, its principles, and my views. I cannot look upon the question in any other light. Bound am instructed by the county which I represent to vote with the opposition; and my vote must be registered accordingly." As may be supposed the Opposition were not slack with their cheers. The sitting, to which the public were admitted by ballot pressed, was conducted pretty much as in England—that is, with noise and shouting, speechifying and excitement.

THE LONDON CALCUTTA.—The British House of Commons has been making some inquiry respecting the "Great Irish discovery," emanating in the Government of Canada, of a new process for making a trifling expense (the estimate is 40 cents per ton) from the refuse of gas coal. Many cases are cited of instantaneous relief in headaches of very long standing, and which had resisted all other means. The skin is not shrivelled by the process, and it takes but a few minutes to produce the desired effect. The same treatment has been used successfully in cases of erysipelas of the head and face, a truly formidable disease. It also is said to diminish the pain of bruising, and in short in all inflammations of the surface, whether having a tendency to gangrene or not. Ice, he remarks, is a powerful antidote, not only to pain against it, but this seems cold at once knocks out all inflammation, and causes local paralysis of consciousness. Hence he has used the same means in case of amputations, and also in cases where the part can be recommended, as in amputation of fingers, cutting out of superficial tumors, &c.; the pain, he says, is entirely prevented. He also suggests its use for severe bites and many skin diseases will no doubt prove a good therapeutic remedy. But the grand benefit of immediate power and easy applicability, add to which it comes to pain, no from the inconvenience of long and tedious ice and leaves behind it, with moderate care, no ill consequences. Such is the new method of artificial to various distressing well-known forms of pain or in both men."

THE FLEMING INDIANS.—The Government, the Intelligencer says, has for also entertained of certain of the Indians, and the Secretary of War in this matter the President desires to treat the Indians in the most liberal way consistent with humanity, and not make war upon them. Instructions have been accordingly communicated to Agent Twiggs to the effect, that he must exert himself to the utmost to treat with the Indians to induce them to settle down in the most amicable manner possible.

IRON FOUNDRY IN KENTUCKY.—The cost from the mines to the furnace is about $1 50 per ton. The Rock and Eldorado, Ky., has been of late employed in making railroad iron. The Eldorado is a reliable blast iniage, connected in twenty different ways with the Ohio, and under the control of Messrs. Hughes, to say nothing of his original rock bulk—of the 100 other compositions—all sub-editors and all.

CASH CROP.—We never saw, says the Corinthian Telegraph, in the region, a more abundant crop of corn than the present season promises to yield. The stalks are remarkably strong, tall and well eared, and the blades are broad and green, and are large and sufficiently matured to escape all danger from a severe frost.

JERSEY AWAKING.—A Convention of persons opposed to the privileges enjoyed at present by the lessees of the Camden and Amboy Railroad and Raritan Canal Companies, is to be held in Trenton, New Jersey, on the 5th of September next. Delegates will be present from every County in the State.

GEORGETOWN COLLEGE KENTUCKY.—The Rev. Henry Gaudet, D. D., has been appointed President of this Institution, has been obliged to resign his office on account of the ill health of himself and family. He will shortly leave for Europe.

Varieties.

FRANKLIN'S DUN.

One of our correspondents sends us the following which paper we took the publishers the following story, which may be called a document dun. If it should startle any reader who has been in the habit of printers' receipts in his own pocket-book, we would say that we will indemnify him for the loss of time and mortifying mistakes which such a remembrance may give rise to, and recommend to his notice.

THE HUMBUG TRADE AGE.—It is said that the minutes of the Pennsylvania Genesee published at Lancaster, Pa., contain the following advertisement:

Lancaster, 1760.

Any gentleman indebted to the undersigned for a year's Genesee, or more, is requested to call and settle.

One hundred years dunn so about the "value of money" that did not have the same effect on the sinner. He doubtless needed the money that he thought he could get from the sale of his soul. We suppose his patron "settled accr," and was not disappointed. But the dunning process was done in the action of his sin and patron, as there is no waste of our illustrious predecessor and ourselves.

BENEDICT FAITH.—Professor Agassiz said, in a recent lecture before a scientific association, that all the young animals, in almost all classes, differ vastly from their parents in the early stages of existence. I will state at once a few of the results; for instance, a young bull, or a young bird, or a young man, or a young woman, at their growth within the egg, resemble each other so much that it is impossible to distinguish them. A young English lobster is bad and a snake, or to distinguish between a wife, a child, or a chicken, or between a robin and a snake. There is something of high significance in this fact. There is a mystery connected with it. The Creator, however, declared that these babes in their cradle should be the parents of the race, on which was to rest the fate of his decrees in faith. In Transylvania he received many thousands of these, and discovered that his expense was money, and saddly disappointed, and another proof in the fact that these in this presentiment, from again throw himself into the contest and said he was confident he would live until five years.

HAVE DARKIES ANY INTELLECT YET?—Rev. Alexander Campbell, President of Bethany (Va.) Religious Seminary, is in Scotland, at Kelso, Roxboro, Scotland. Mr. Campbell, as a true Republican, has visited, in 1847, was arrested on suspicion of being a Russian spy, by the agency of the Rev. James Robertson, for having, while discussing the subject of slavery, expressed sentiments obnoxious to that gentleman. Some of his friends have published a sale against Dr. Bell. Efforts are constantly tormented, and the result is a decree of the Lords of Council and Session in favor of Mr. Campbell for ten thousand pounds sterling.

A HARD CASE.—An Englishman, accompanied by quite a pretty wife, waited on his lawyer, Mayor Brown, of Boston, the other day, and asked to apply to an inquiry as to his business, said that his wife wished to get a divorce, and he had come to show her the place. The Mayor informed them that he had no power to dissolve the bonds of matrimony, and referred them to the Legislature to such him to "please divorce them, like a dear good man," and also to inform the public that he and her husband's arm and waisted off, parting as only a pretty woman could.—*N. Y. Sun.*

GREAT TIDES OF POPULITY.—We are informed that Mr. Henry Bell, Midshipman, of West Hoboken, an enterprising farmer of New Jersey, has engaged the celebrated Barnum to take the direction of the American Institute. The patience, we learn are from unwillingness of the Museum of the second rate growth; are of a superior quality, seal in shape, white, with a dash of red at the ends, remember the crop this year will be about three hundreds to the acre. A committee from the Board of Aldermen will visit his farm in a few days.—*N. Y. Com.*

LAMARTINE'S HONOR AND THE REPUBLICANS.—Lamartine's bank rooms is usually lonely, and his visits are said to be very imaginative. The commotion he has of the escape of Louis Philippe by the unfortunate passage of the garcon of the Tuileries, and the pathetic intercourse of the Duchess of Orleans, are inventions which Cremieux, who never left the king till he got into the carriage in the Place de la Concorde, has thought proper pleasantly to deny, and to state the facts as they occurred.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. ISRAEL S. JAMES, No. 102 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia, is our general travelling agent for the Southern and South-Western States, assisted by *James F. Wheeler, William H. Weld, G. H. P. Stem, John B. Weld, John Cobbett, James Dunning, Albert K. Wellington, S. S. James, Henry Pratt, and S. S. Stuart.*

Also, CHAS. S. HALL, for sold in Arkansas.

Mr. W. JAMES, No. 1 Harrison Avenue, Charlestown, Mass., is our general travelling agent for the Western States, assisted by *James F. Stuart, T. Boyd, T. Gardner Smith, Frederick J. Hansen, John Cobbett, James Taylor, H. M. Bowerman, W. Kennedy and Perrin Leslie.*

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS, of Montgomery, Alabama, is our general travelling agent for Alabama and Tennessee.

Mr. MORRIS B. Cox, is our travelling agent in Mississippi.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE is our only Canvasser in Rhode Island.

CHARLES S. ROWLEY will receive subscriptions from new subscribers in the State of Ohio.

Mr. ROBERT T. WEBB, is our agent in New York State.

JUSTUS WHITE, do. do. and collects for us in New York and the Canadas.

GEORGE S. BAXTER, do. do. in Illinois.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of *HOTCHKISS & CO., Boston, Mass.*

S. HELMSIDE, ROCKLIMET, Baltimore, Md.

A. C. MORGAN, New Orleans, La.

CORNISH & CO., Augusta, Maine.

C. P. MORSE, Pittsburg, Pa.

CHARLES BROTHER, Cincinnati, Ohio.

W. TAYLOR & Co., Baltimore, Md.

RAFFORD & PARK, Hartford, Connecticut.

C. F. HAGAN & Co., Nashville, Tenn.

J. THOMAS & Co., Louisville, Ky.

MORRIS & Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

WELD & Co., New Orleans, La.

O. W. RANDOLPH & Co., Richmond, Va.

O. W. ADAMS, Washington, D. C.

Subscriptions will be executed at either of the above Depots, and Postmasters and Agents of Post Rond inducements especially for money remitted to them themselves, or through their authorized travelling agents.

CATTLE MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 27.—The offerings of Beef Cattle reported at Shad's Drove Yard, this week, 620 head were driven to New York. There were also 1,000 head at Mill Creek, and 1,000 at Chestnut Hill, making 2,620 head in market, which is 2 to 3 per 100 lbs. less than last week's prices. We quote at $5 to $5 50 for extra; $5 25 for ordinary, $4 to $5 for dry. Sheep—Receipts since our last report, 2,000 head, which is 1 to 2c. per lb. less.

NEW YORK, Aug. 27.—Of said 1,265 Beeves, 300 from the South, remainder from this State and the West. Prices 1c. lower; extreme 12 last by 40 cars Lambs. Buyers—The market on the whole is rather dull, and prices are 1c. lower than last week. Sheep which now range from $4 to $5 50 per cwt., as to quality. It was a choice lot that sold at the latter rate. Lambs—Of 3,200 head were driven in from Ohio and Clinton have been about a fair supply, and prices have ranged from $3 to $4 50 per cwt., as to quality. Lambs bring $3 to $3 50 each.

NEW YORK MARKETS, AUG. 25.

FLOUR, &c.—There is no material change in the state of the market, either as regards the demand or prices, since our last report. Sales of 10,000 bbls. at $4 20@4 25 for superfine State; $4 25@4 30 for extra State; $4 30@4 35 for superfine Western; $4 35@4 40 for extra Western; $4 40@4 45 for superfine Genesee; $4 45@4 50 for extra Genesee; and $4 50@4 55 for Michigan and Indiana extra. Canadian flour is in fair demand, and prices are unchanged. Sales of 1,000 bbls. at $4 30@4 40 for common to fair extra; $4 45@4 55 for good to choice do.

GRAIN.—For Wheat the market is dull, and prices, if anything, lower than before. Corn—Sales 10,000 bush. at 62c. for mixed Western; 63c. for white Western; and 64c. for white Southern. Rye is dull and nominal at 80c. Barley—Sales 7,000 bushels, at previous rates. Oats are in fair demand, and prices are 1c. higher, closing downwards. The sales add up 28,000 bushels at 32c. for Southern; 33c. for Canada; and 34@35c. for Northern and Western. The latter is the highest price for Western ever realized in this market.

PROVISIONS.—For Pork the market is dull, the demand light, and prices unchanged. Sales of 200 bbls. Mess 160 at $15 75 for new, and $9 25 for prime. Beef is dull and unchanged. Sales of 100 bbls. at $8 for country prime; $9 for country mess; $10 for repacked Western mess; and $11@12 for extra India mess. Beef hams are dull at $18@19 per bbl. Cut Meats are dull and unchanged. Sales of 50 pkgs. at 7½c. for hams; and 6½c. for shoulders. Lard is quiet at 10½c. for bbls. and kegs.

August 24.

H. J. Lewis	1.00	M. B. Cramp	1.00	
C. P. Lewis	1.00	J. Hallowell	1.00	
J. Lewis	1.00	J. Hallowell	1.00	
J. Lewis	1.00	W. Graves & Co.	10.00	
J. Lewis	1.00	W. Graves & Co.	10.00	
J. Lewis	1.00	W. Graves & Co.	10.00	
Mrs. P. D. Race	2.00			
Mrs. P. D. Race	2.00			
J. A. Black	10.00			

August 25.

W. Cheesman	10.00	Mrs. M. Mason	2.00	
W. Cheesman	10.00	Mrs. M. Mason	2.00	
J. Lewis	1

Selected Poetry.

FOR THE LAST PAGE OF "OUR ALBUM."

FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

As tough our pen's none find a-pent!
With verse, or with poetic prose,
Fill'd is each page,
And those your rules excuse must close
Our pleasant task!

In every page is filled at last!
When on these leaves my eyes I cast,
Did these hands their work frame?
How many memories of the past
Round them cluster!

Those who beheld a river run
Bright glittering in the noonday sun,
Saw not its source!
And few can know whence late began
Each single stream
Of these pages!

And then the feelings that gave rise
To many a verse that meets their eyes
How few can tell!
Yet for those feelings gone, I prize
And love it well!

Some element were compound to grace
An hour of pleasure—some to trace
Wildness's sigh!
And some to lay on time's slow pace
Which would delay!

In some, we trace affection's hope
To fix safe there kind—now rather grown
By force or art
In some, the shade of hope, now gone,
Then, near the heart!

Such factors with each line I weave,
And these our book I cannot leave
Without a sigh!
Fond recollections make me grieve
To lay it by!

How other hands, perchance than mine,
A fairer wreath for it might twine,
'Twere vain to tell;
I can but say, in one brief line,
Dear Book, Farewell!

Notes of Travel.

LYELL'S SECOND VISIT TO THE UNITED STATES.

We extract the following summary of portions of Sir Charles Lyell's "Second Visit to the United States," from "Chambers's Edinburgh Journal."

CURIOUS PHENOMENA.

Four years ago, we had occasion to notice the Travels of Sir Charles Lyell in the United States, chiefly in relation to the geological explorations of the author. A "Second Visit" to the United States by the same writer having just made its appearance, we are enabled to revert to this deeply-interesting subject. But the present is not a mere continuation, Sir Charles travelled with a special view to the investigation of natural phenomena; but we can assure all who feel inclined to peruse his second production, that it abounds likewise with observations on matters of social concern; and it, on the whole, one of the most amusing works which has for some years appeared on the United States. He is evidently treated with his wife, the author presents a view than the usual means of acquiring a knowledge of the people among whom he travelled.

Passing over one or two of the earliest chapters, we take up Sir Charles as he journeys through the New England States. Here he has occasion to refer to that very common phenomenon, the discovery of organic remains in ice. How the bodies of animals became so imbedded, is a question of much interest. It appears that deer and other members of the same family, the ground in a moment of rock and ice, the ice lying in strata below the ground surface. In 1843, when the captain of a merchant ship wished to enter the body of a sailor who was of the Sheffield Islands, he set a party to dig a grave in the blue sand and gravel; but after penetrating to nearly a hundred places through six or eight inches of sand, they came down everywhere upon solid blue ice. At last he determined to have a hole cut in the ice, of which the lines principal y consisted, and the body of the man was placed in it. This body was afterwards found on frost as when buried. The effects of wildcats and other creatures often get imbedded in icebergs, and are thus discovered after the ice has become partially mixed with mud and gravel. The rise and fall of masses of ice, amounting to the action of the tides, when in contingency with land, accounts for no small part of the phenomenon.

Talking of icebergs, we are not to be startled, that to those floating masses in the Northern Atlantic much of the irregularity of our summer climate may be imputed. Icebergs are occasionally seen so far south as the 36th degree of north latitude, and of immense size.—"Sir James Ross met one, large which had run aground in Baffin's Bay in water 1,000 feet deep." An iceberg of much less dimensions than terms the climate in winter wherever it goes, and (as appears) in any coast is a terrible visitant. A military officer told the author "that last year, when he was in garrison in Newfoundland an iceberg continued aground in the harbor of St. John's for a year, and they used to let the canoes-hole as if from a battery." We have heard of more ridiculous projects than would be the fitting out of an expedition to clear the Atlantic of its icebergs by bombardment.

Sir Charles made a pilgrimage to the top of Mount Washington (one of the White Mountains) which reaches to a height of 6,234 feet above the level of the sea. Here a Flora was observed similar to that of lands bordering on the sea to the north-west of America, Europe, and Asia. How did these plants attain this height in an island mountain in a comparatively northern latitude? "Geology," says our author, "teaches us that the species living at present on the earth are older than many parts of our existing continents—that is to say, they were created before a large part of the existing mountains, valleys, plains, lakes, rivers, and seas were formed. That such must be the case in regard to the island of Sicily, I announced my conviction in 1833, after first returning from that country. And a similar conclusion is now obvious to any naturalist who has studied the structure of North America, and observed the wide area occupied by the modern or post-tertiary deposits belonged to, in which marine fossil shells of living but northern species are entombed. It is clear that a great portion of the land, and the country surrounding the great lakes was submerged beneath the ocean when recent species of molluscs first existed, at which the fossil remains occur more than 500 feet above the level of the sea near Montreal. I have already stated that Lake Champlain was a gulf of the sea at that period, that large areas in Maine were under water, and, I may add, that the White Mountains must then have consisted of an island, or group of islands. Yet as this period in the modern in the earth's history as to belong to that in each of the existing marine Fauna, it is fair to infer that the Arctic Fauna now contemporary with it, may then also have established on the globe." We have thus to consider that many of the higher mountains were at one time islands, in a sea visited by the melting of floating ice. "As the continent grew by the upheaval of the bed of the land, and the islands gained in height, and the climate around them have grown colder, the Alpine plants would extend to higher and higher zones and finally occupy an elevated area, which probably had been at first, or in the glacial period, always covered with perpetual ice. Meanwhile the newly-formed plains around the base of the mountains, as well as many species or places could not spread would be escaped by steam migrating from the north, and perhaps by many new species and races from first created, and remaining in that day peculiar to North America.

LOWELL FACTORIES.

In a conversation with one of the managers of the Lowell factories, Sir Charles states what may be reckoned a set of laws as to an improvement in the position of the working-classes. These factories, of course, are extensive concerns. The shares are often as low as 500 dollars, and held by operatives. "By this system the workpeople are protected from looking on the rich capitalists merely as belonging to a distinct class, having different interests from their own. The profits of small shares have all the advantages of partners, but are not as remarks for the cares of the establishment beyond their step out. They can reason on all the questions naturally, when there is a public statement of the affairs." Unfortunately the law of per centage proportion plans of this kind being carried out in England. To procure an abolition of this law, the working-classes in former Britain ought to make strenuous exertion; but when do we find these classes aiming at any thing had no practical?

HEALTH OF AMERICANS.

At Bangor our author makes the common observation (and the New Englanders have generally a pale, care-worn look), adding "partly from their shaving and eminent dispositions, and their habits of hard work, exercise, and bodily and partly from the effects of the climate. One of their lawyers expressed to me his regret that the members of his profession, and their most eminent politicians, physicians, and literary men, would not spare themselves, and give up some time to relaxation. They use a document," he said, "to realise the sentiment so finely expressed by Milton—

"'In severe delights, and live salubrious days.'"

Our ancestors had to work fifteen hours out of every twenty-four, in order not to starve in the wintertime, but we pursue in running every nerve to use that necessity has ceased." He then reminded me how much more cheerful, plump, and merry the young virgin children looked in the south than those of New England, who had all the appearance of having been forced in their education, and over-crammed at school. I myself, however, that the principal cause of the different aspect of the Anglo-Saxons race in England and America is the climate. During both our tours through the United States, my wife and I enjoyed excellent health, and were delighted with the pleasant, dry atmosphere, the bright sun, and the great number of cloudless days; but we were told that, if we stayed a second year, we should feel less vigorous. Many who have been built in America, or families settled there for several years, and then visited their native land, as well as England, just as if they had returned to their native air; and it may require several months to enjoy a sure becomes thoroughly acclimatized. English travellers often ascribe the more delicate health of the inhabitants here to their indoor habits and want of exercise. But it is natural that they should shrink from engaging themselves to the severity of the and long-continued moves of winter, and to the little we hear of the summer's sun. An Englishman is usually recognised at once as a party by a more robust look, and greater clearness and redd ness of complexion, and more vigorous movements; but he is seen from persons born of English parents in the town of Boston. If so also a citizen of Boston, which seems generally admitted, that the native Anglo-Australian bear a considerable resemblance to the Anglo-Americans in look and manner of speaking, which is a mystery, for there is certainly in that case no analogy between the climates of the two countries."

ELECTIONEERING, &C.

We are presented with some amusing anecdotes of electioneering. In some parts of the country there is the strongest predisposition to elect wealthy men to office, in consequence of a belief that they would use the influence for advancement. One who had for some time held a seat in the legislature, having failed in a new canvass (asserted by many of his former supporters, observed that he had always voted strictly according to his instructions. The yes (said a farmer), that's very true, but what they would vote by yes, after your daughter came to the bar in New Orleans?" He thought it in fact having been at Mobile, had had a close made there with Fossen a according to the newest fashion in colors, and she had worn it once or so; when, with the aristocracy of the city, setting itself up above the Democrats, she grew wonder. In the next settlements there the small proprietors, or farmers, are keenly jealous of thriving lawyers merchants, and capitalists. One of the candidates for a county in Alabama confessed to me that he had thought it good policy to go everywhere on foot when soliciting votes, though he could have commanded a horse, and the distances were great." The farmers are thoroughly democratic, and appears to have been carried on one occasion to a remarkable length. Natchez a populous and extensive district situated on the Mississippi, declared that he would vote for any one, after your daughter came to the bar in New Orleans?" He thought it, in fact having been at Mobile, had had a close made there with Fossen a according to the newest fashion in colors, and she had worn it once or so; when, with the aristocracy of the city, setting itself up above the Democrats, she grew wonder. In the next settlements there the small proprietors, or farmers, are keenly jealous of thriving lawyers merchants, and capitalists. One of the candidates for a county in Alabama confessed to me that he had thought it good policy to go everywhere on foot when soliciting votes, though he could have commanded a horse, and the distances were great." The farmers are thoroughly democratic, and appears to have been carried on one occasion to a remarkable length. Natchez a populous and extensive district situated on the banks of the State. A search for the true centre being ordered, it was found to be a spot in the middle of a swamp, covered with water. This was no unwelcome news; all might now be placed on a footing of equality, and the town be built in perfect order and convenience for all. When the architect, however, came to build the Capitol, he in it the liberty, instead of erecting the edifice on piles in the centre of the swamp, to place it on an adjoining rising ground, from which they had drained away the water, hence of fevers." Into a satire abandonment of principle, as it was several hundred yards from the true geographical centre." We have anecdotes of American frankness equally as characteristic as we do.

THE FRENCH SETTLERS.

At New Orleans Sir Charles was struck with the difference between the English and French quarters of the town, as well as the considerably exciting between the Anglo-American and French settlers in character. In the First Municipality, you would almost consider yourself in Paris; in the second all is English, and in Lafayette. It seems that here, as elsewhere, the tendency of French society is to great evil. How strange the following anecdote appears.—Hearing that a guide-book of New Orleans had been published, we wished to purchase a copy; although it was not to be found in the shops of a city of rapid growth. The bookseller said that we must wait till he received some new copies from New York, for it appears that the printing even of books of local interest is done by persons in other cities. Indeed, it seems that here, as elsewhere, the tendency of Fossil